A Congratulation OF THE Protestant-Joyner TO Anthony King of Poland, Upon his Arrival in the Lower World.

Joyner.

WElcom, my Lord, unto these Stygian Plains;
Welcom unto a Land where Discord reigns:
This is a Land Your Lordship will approve,
From whence these States hope you will ne'r remove;
Welcom to These, as to the States above.
From Them I'm come, and this blest'd News I bring,
Discord is dead, and they have chose You *KING.*
Pride, Envy, Malice, Hell would soon decay,
Should Peace *appear, and* Discord *fade away.*

Anth. Thanks Friend, whoe'r thou art, for this blest'd News;
The Name of *King* I hate, yet can't refuse;
I wish some other Name they would confer.

Joyn. *What think You then, my Lord, of* Emperour?

Anth. Spoke like a *Roman* Soul; who, though they hate
The Name of *Kings*, yet *Emperours* create.

Joyn. *Or, if these please not, what if You should be*
Dubb'd of Mankind Plenipotentiary?

Anth. Spoke like a *Non-con's* Soul, that very Name
Does all my Vitals heat, and sets my Soul on flame.

Let me embrace, and hug thee in my Arms;
That *Hogen-mogen* word is full of Charms:
There's Beauty in't, that leads my Soul away,
And I must follow, though I go astray,

Joyn. *What means my Lord by that recanting Speech?*
To go astray *implies You've made some breach.*

Anth. The observation of it does imply
You have been bold i'th' world as well as I.

Joyn. *'Tis true, my Lord, I aim'd at mighty Things,*
To Subvert Kingdoms, and to Murder Kings;
To teach the Nation to be Picts *once more,*
And die their Skins with their own crimson Gore:
That is the truest stain, that ne'r will out;
Witness His Father, murder'd by the Rout.

Anth. That's the dead-bone, which (touching) bleeds a-new;
And that's the cause I did the Son pursue:
Like *Cataline*, our Mischiefs are not sure;
But by effecting greater to secure.

Joyn. *But since i'th' world Your Taper does not shine,*
Like Damocles *tho* Presbyterians *dine;*
The Sword of Justice trembles o'r their head,
And hangs secur'd but by one single Thread;
There needs no Atrapos *to cut the String,*
One blast of Treason more against their KING,
Does all the Vengeance on their own heads bring.

Anth. You seem a Convert now; Prithee declare,
What is your Name? From whence, and what you were?

Joyn. *My Lord, survey this Face, and You will find*
(With a small recollecting of Your mind)
What my Profession was, and what's my Name,
By whom employ'd, from whence, and what I am.

Anth. I seriously observe you, but can't tell,
You are so alter'd since you came to Hell;
But guess you are a Man of no great Fame;
Nor ever had, until of late, a Name:
A Name, I mean, that does deserve Renown
For Murder, or for striking at the Crown.

Joyn. *Small Shrubs, my Lord, may tall as Cedars grow;*
What was John Leyden *and* Massanello?
What was Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw *of late?*
And our prodigious Oliver's *great Fate,*
That made all Europe *shake? To such a height*
I might have rose; but Fortune ow'd a spight,
And struck it home just in the nick of Time;
And for a Throne, *I did a* Gallows *clime.*
My Lord, you sure may know me now; ——

Anth. I do;
Your Name is *Colledge*, and I pity you.

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But prithee tell me, for I fain would know,
In all my journey hither, to and fro,
I could not ſpy one glimmering light of Heav'n;
For all was dark, but what from hence was giv'n,
Only ſome Link-boys Skeletons did ply
I'th' way, with Lights moſt dreadful to the eye.
What is the reaſon? For I've heard men tell
Strange Stories, and that viewing Heav'n is Hell,
And not enjoy't; Prithee what ſhall I do?
I'd give a world that happy place to view.

Joyn. *The reaſon is, You did in* Holland *die;*
A place that to the Centre lies ſo nigh,
That you're no ſooner dead, but you are here;
It is a ſhorter cut by half a year:
It lies ſo low, and ſunk ſo deep i'th' Sea,
It wants the uſe o'th' Primum Mobile.
Had you in England *ſtaid, and dy'd as I,*
You might have clipt the Air, and reach'd the Skie.

Anth. But ſince I'm forc'd into this dark abode,
Deſcribe the pleaſures of that bleſſed Road:
I fancy that ſome pleaſure will enſue,
To hear that told which I ſhall never view.

Joyn. *No ſooner was my Soul diſcharg'd of Clay,*
But up it ſprang, and pinion'd quick its way;
I paſs'd the Orbs with wonder and delight,
And wa'n't took notice of in all my flight;
At laſt, on Heav'ns Battlements I ſtay'd,
And all that bright Empire I round ſurvey'd;
Obſerv'd how th' Primum Mobile *did fly*
Ten thouſand times more ſwifter than the Eye:
The vaſt Expance did all with Glory ſhine,
And ev'ry thing I ſaw was all Divine;
A Gate of Pearl did on my right hand ſtand,
And Peter, (*as I gueſs, by th' Keys in's hand*)
Who ope'd the door, and all pure Souls receiv'd,
I thought to enter too, but was deceiv'd.

Anth. What happineſs to thoſe bleſt Souls was giv'n!
Who'd plague their King and Countrey to loſe Heav'n!

Joyn. *He took me by the hand, and turn'd me round;*
Bid me avaunt, *for that was holy Ground:*
Yonder's your Road; down there the Angels fell,
And ſo muſt you. *At which I ſtruck at Hell;*
For in a moment (ſo quick was my Fate!)
My Head was daſh'd againſt Hells Iron-gate,
(Which then was ſhut) A wonder to the Crowd!
Open the door! *I boldly yaul'd aloud:*
A Thund'ring Voice I heard; From whence? From who
D'ye come? *I ſtrait reply'd I came from Ton;*

I am a *Joyner* by my Trade, and come
To ſit and Wainſcot up his Lordſhip's Room.
At which the Gates flew ope, I entred in,
Swept clean the Room of all things there but Sin;
She muſt remain, and your Companion be,
For ever, and to vaſt Eternity.

Anth. I'm mad! I rave! The Vulture gnaws my Breaſt!
I wou'd repoſe, but 'tis in vain to reſt.
No reſt is here! My ſcorching Entrails burn!
And all my Guts to horrid Snakes do turn!
Oh, curſed Fate! that I ſhould die ſo ſoon,
When all my Treaſons ſcarce did reach their Noon!
Oh! had I but a little longer ſtood,
I would have made the Nation flow with Bloud:
But I am dead; yet ſtill I muſt Rebel,
And add more Flames unto the Flames of Hell;
I'll make grim *Pluto* tremble in his Throne,
And all the Subterranean Empire groan;
I'll make 'em drink again the bitter Cup,
And undermine their Hell, and blow 'em up.
With that he foam'd at mouth, hung out his Tongue,
(At which a horrid ugly Scorpion hung;)
His Eyes ſo hot did glow, made Fiends admire;
And burnt ſo fierce, as Hell it ſelf cry'd *Fire*:
But a ſhagg'd Fiend appear'd, and in a trice
Hurl'd his hot Soul into a Hell of Ice:
Where may each Traytor, that their KINGS controul,
Find this Eſtate entail'd upon their Soul.

F I N I S.

LONDON:
Printed for *N. Thompſon, Anno Dom.* 1683.